

"When the spring-time comes"—
So we say in wintry hours;
And we look upon the snow,
While we think upon the flowers.
And we gaze until hope's bright glory is kindled
in our eyes,
And earth becomes an Eden full of beauty and
delight,
Where the air is far too happy to bear any weight
of sighs,
And myriad forms of gentle things bring glad-
ness to the sight.
And we wander through and through,
Past the fairest trees and flowers,
Till we find the friends we knew,
And link their hands in ours,
And then, in ecstasy of bliss, we seek the sweet-
est bowers.

"When the spring-time comes"—
But ah! the snow is cold,
And Death is colder still,—
Whom may he not enfold?
The glory in our eyes that shone is dimmed with
bitter tears,
And our Eden-flowers have faded into nothing-
ness again;
And we wander sadly, darkly, through a laby-
rinth of years,
And we call for vanished faces, and act wildly in
our pain,
And then there comes a calm,
And our sorrow grows less bold,
As Nature's mighty psalm,
O'er God's own mountain rolled,
Once heralded the still, small voice to that lone
seer of old.

"When the spring-time comes"—
Think we of griefs we know,
Had we foreseen them long,
Could we have stood the blow?

Then should we not be thankful for the mercy
that conceals.

The future, whether dark or bright, from our two
curious eyes?

God knows what's best for all of us; He covers
or reveals,

As it seemeth to Him best, the ill that in our
pathway lies.

So let us journey on,
Content in weal or woe,
To feel at least that One

Smiles on us as we go,
Who in sublime humility once suffered here be-
low.

"When the spring-time comes"—
Let us live well the hours,
God's spring within the heart
Will wreath them all with flowers.

And when the snow has fallen over hand and
head and brain,
Some few may say above our graves, "Let us be
like to them,

And though we may not see them when the
spring-time comes again,
We hold their memory more dear than gold or
precious gem.

And at the great Spring day,
When melted are the powers
That hide our souls in clay,
As winter hides the flowers,

May we wreath the amaranths with them in Eden's
choicest bowers."

—John Read.

What Happened.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

It was on a tranquil summer evening just like many that had preceded it, that the Widow Anderson sat at her wheel, spinning flax, just as she had sat on many a summer, autumn, winter, and spring evening. All was still; flowers and insects seemed dropping asleep; little birds peeped drowsily in their nests, and the whole world seemed as quiet and steady-going as the old clock in the corner—when something happened!

But this is not the good, old-fashioned, regular way of beginning a story. I will start again.

In little post-town, among the Highlands of Scotland, far away from any great city, there lived, a few years ago, a woman much respected and well-beloved, though of lowly birth and humble fortunes—one Mrs. Jean Anderson. She had been left a widow with one son, the youngest and last of several promising children. She was poor, and her industry and economy were taxed to the utmost to keep herself and son, who was a fine, clever lad. And to give him the education he so ardently desired at the early age of sixteen, Malcom Anderson resolved to seek his fortune in the wide world, and became a sailor. He made several voyages to India and China, and always, like the good boy he was brought home some useful present to his mother, to whom he gave also a large portion of his earnings.

But he never liked a seafaring life, though he grew strong and stalwart in it; and when about nineteen, he obtained a humble position in a large mercantile house in Calcutta, where, being shrewd, enterprising and honest, like most of his countrymen, he gradually rose to a place of trust and importance, and finally to a partnership. As his fortunes improved, his mother's circumstances were made easier. He remitted money enough to secure her the old cottage home repaired and enlarged, with a garden and lawn; and placed at her command, annually, a sum sufficient to meet all her wants, and to pay the wages of a faithful servant or rather companion; for the brisk, independent old lady stoutly refused to be served by any one.

Entangled in business cares, Mr. Anderson never found time and freedom for the long voyage and a visit home; till at last, failing health, and the necessity of educating his children, compelled him to abruptly wind up his affairs, and return to Scotland. He was then a man somewhat over forty, but looking far older than his years, showing all the usual ill effects of the trying climate of India. His complexion was a sallow brown; he was gray and somewhat bald, with here and there a dash of white in his dark auburn beard; he was thin and little bent, but his youthful smile remained full of quiet drollery, and his eye had not lost all its old gleeful sparkle, by pouring over ledgers and counting books.

He had married a country-woman, the daughter of a Scotch surgeon; had two children, a son and a daughter. He did

The

Deaf=Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

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not write to his good mother that he was coming home, as he wished to surprise her, and test her memory of her sailor boy. The voyage was made in safety.

One summer afternoon, Mr. Malcom Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by-path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strange unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside, to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But, alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form, once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like dew-stained violets. But the voice, with which she was crooning softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—"Coom Ben?" (come in). The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as though wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favored him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. "Yes, madam," he replied; but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's little yo ken about mithers, gin yu think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added—"And where has ye been for sae lang a time, that ye ha'e lost a' the Scotch frae your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson."

"Anderson!" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There be many of that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figurehead?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow, proudly, "but he is younger than you by many a lang year, and, beggin' your pardon, sir, fair bonnier. He is tall and straight, w' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown, curling hair, sae thick and glossy! and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snaw, and big blue een, w' a glint in them like the light of the evening star!—Na, na, ye are no like my Malcom, though ye are a guid enough body. I dinna doubt and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave, but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying—"Gin ye ha'e traveled a' the way fra India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margary! come down, and let us set on the supper."

"We'll meet in the Overland," she said, "if we only have the love of God."

Dennis supported the old woman towards the ship, and a young woman, weeping, followed them. They all stopped presently beside a small car that had conveyed the young man's baggage.

"I'll send home for both of you, Peggy, in the rise of next year. Be a child to mother till then, and then, avourneen,

you'll be my own."

The time of parting came. Such a scene! Din, noise, turmoil, embraces, kisses, tears. Dennis was gone, and the old woman lay fainting in the arms of the girl whom he loved. The band on the forecastle struck up "St. Patrick's Day," the communicating plank was withdrawn, and the steamer moved majestically out into the blue sea.

I turned away; but that scene of parting remained in my memory, and the words of the old Irish mother, as she raised her eyes to the blue sky of early summer that spanned the harbor of Cork.

"We'll meet in the Overland, if we only have the love of God."

Four burglars stole \$1,200 of a widow in Oakland, Cal., the other night, and her son-in-law shot two of them, captured a third, and recovered all the money. When asked why he treated his mother-in-law in that way, he excused himself by saying that "the old woman was rather weakly, and he thought the money had better remain in the family."

"Weel then, gin I were o' my Malcom," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect, and in his own voice; "or gin your brave young Malcom were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and old, as I am, could you welcome him to your arms, and love him as in the dear and lang synel? Could you, mither?"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath coming fast; but at that word

"Schoolmistress—Johnny, I'm ashamed of you! When I was your age I could real' as well as I can now."

"Aw, but you'd a different teacher to what we've got."

A geography printed in London one hundred years ago describes California as an Island surrounded by water.

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a feminine voice; "but the difficulty is that young men are not fit for wives." The applause was great, as was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

"Upward of 500,000 new grape vines, mostly of the raisin variety, will be planted in Fresno county, Cal., this spring."

"Old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. Said she, "My quarrel wi' you, man; its no wi' the Gospel."

Cultivate a Pure Expression.

Facts from Scripture.

There were ten generations from Adam to Noah, embracing a period of 1,056 years. Lamech was of the ninth generation. He was Noah's father, and was fifty-six years old when Adam died. Therefore Lamech could communicate to his son Noah all that Adam had communicated to him about the creation and the fall. It was transmitted by Adam to Lamech and by Lamech to Noah.

There were ten generations from Noah to Abraham, embracing a period of 950 years. Shem was Noah's son, and Shem was long enough to talk with Abraham sixty years, and could therefore communicate to him all that Lamech had told Noah.

There were five generations from Abraham to Moses, embracing a period of 600 years. Jacob was Abraham's grandson, and lived long enough to tell Amram, the father of Moses, all that he had learned from his grandfather Abraham. Thus Moses became well informed upon the history of the creation and the fall by a transmission of all the details through a chain of only four persons, and those four were remarkable for their truth and great wisdom.

These generations all descended from Seth, the son of Adam. There was another line of eight generations who descended from Cain, but who were all cut off by the flood. In that line were some remarkable men, to whom we owe much of our knowledge of music and artifice of metals, viz., Jubal and Jubal Cain. No doubt the results of their skill and inventions were handed down to Noah and his sons by succeeding generations.

Abraham had eight children—one by Sarah, one by Hagar and six by Keturah. Of these six one was named Midian; it was his descendants and the descendants of Ishmael (another son) who sold Joseph to Potiphar. It seems that the Midianites and the Ishmaelites were journeying together with a caravan.

The longevity of mankind kept up well near to the flood. After this it decreased with every generation down to Joseph, who lived to be only one hundred and ten years. From that period to this the age of man has varied but little, though but few men attain to a greater age than three-score years and

ten.

The book of Genesis embraces a period of 2,500 years of the world's history, which brings it down to the birth of Moses. All the other books of the Old Testament embrace a period of only 1,500 years.—*Rome Commercial*.

How He Got "Bounced."

As a newly-engaged commercial traveler was about starting upon a "drumming" trip from his place in Chicago, one day this week, he suddenly turned to his employer, a grave old merchant, and inquired:

"I say, boss, what shall I do if I get out of soap!"

"Soap!" said the old gentleman; "why, save your samples, and then you won't get out."

"But I mean what if I should get out of grease?" continued the young man.

"Grease? grease!" pondered the merchant; "why, you don't need any grease—you're not working for a lubricating estable."

"Oh, but you don't understand me," chimed in the youthful employee, rather embarrassed; "I mean what shall I do if I run out of 'spondulix'—'stamps—wealth'?"

"Spondulix? stamps? wealth?" echoed the mystified merchant, looking at the young fellow over his glasses, to see if he had gone crazy.

"Yes, currency—greenbacks"—explained the drummer—"cash—money—you know!"

A light seemed to dawn upon the old merchant's mind at this moment, for gazing upon the creature before him with a look of mingled contempt and pity, he said:

"Young man! I rather guess you won't go out for, I don't believe our class of customers could get along very well with you—they all speak English. Step up to the desk and the man there will settle with you."

And that is the way the "high-toned kid" got "bounced"—all through the pernicious habit of "slinging slang."—*Chicago Journal*.

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a feminine voice; "but the difficulty is that young men are not fit for wives." The applause was great, as was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

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Toward the close of a ball in Paris the other night, a young lady who

was passionately fond of dancing, was

asked by her mother to prepare for the

carriage. "Only this last waltz" en-
treated the young girl, and she glided away with her partner. Suddenly he cried out in horror. The young lady had died while in his arms, and he was waltzing with a corpse.

In Burmah if two married per-

sons are tired of each other's society,

they dissolve partnership in the follow-

ing touching but conclusive manner. They

light two candles and shutting up their

hut, sit down and wait quietly until they

are burned out. The one whose candle

burns out first gets up at once and leaves

the house (and forever), taking nothing

but the clothes he or she may have on at

the time; all else becomes the property

of the other party.

Maize, or Indian Corn.

Jane—Father I saw some funny remarks in one of the papers because a writer spoke of the Israelites seeing Indian corn growing in the promised land. We see it so common, that a great many people think it always grew in most countries. Please tell us something about it.

Father—Indian corn, or simply corn as we often call it, is a native plant in America, and it is the only bread-making grain found in the continent.

Harry—Did no wheat or rye or barley grow here?

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELLINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 13, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Lecture and Service.

THE REV. DR. GALLAUDET will lecture before the Troy Deaf-mute Literary Club on Saturday evening, the 29th inst., and on Sunday, the 30th, at 2:30 P. M., conduct the quarterly service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany.

Help the Deaf and Dumb to Work.

The attention of our readers is called to a notice from Dr. Gallaudet, published elsewhere. Dr. Gallaudet knows of several able-bodied deaf-mutes in New York city who are out of employment and would like to engage in farm work. Should any deaf-mutes and their friends who are farmers desire help, or if they know of any opportunities whereby they can assist them in getting work, they will confer favor by writing to Dr. Gallaudet. At this season of the year many farmers are engaging help, and we presume those deaf-mutes would be industrious workers. Try them a year.

A New Way of Getting a Paper.

In general terms we commend economy, but there is a certain way of doing business in the newspaper trade that has a strong resemblance to sponging. For instance, some of the subscribers of the JOURNAL after they have read it sell it second-hand to others who are too stingy to pay a publisher a living price for it. The usual price paid by these second-hand subscribers for a year's subscription ranges from fifty to seventy-five cents a year. This process of doubling up subscribers is not exactly the proper way of supporting a paper which is published in the interest of the deaf and dumb, and which is popularly acknowledged to be the best paper of its kind published. There are others who, after reading its columns to their satisfaction, trade it away with subscribers of other deaf-mute papers. Both of these methods serve the purpose of crippling the resources of a paper by retarding its circulation. The case of a deaf-mute paper is very different from that of other papers. The expense of maintaining a good, interesting paper, adapted to the wants of our people, is greater than that required for one for hearing persons. Notwithstanding there are in the United States about 20,000 deaf-mutes, when it is remembered that we are drifting in the tide of about 40,000,000 speaking population, we are comparatively an isolated class. It requires, therefore, a large expense and no small amount of labor to condense statistics and gather news from such a widespread population, and prepare a paper adapted to the needs of all of them. It will thus appear obvious to all that, to furnish a good reading paper of this kind, justice to the proprietor requires that it should receive proper support from its own class of citizens. Subscribers may imagine that they are doing a thriving business by a system of exchanges, but it is proper to state that if they wish to kill a paper that is doing more for the interests of the deaf and dumb than any of its contemporaries, such a course will accomplish the feat. But if they wish to preserve and keep alive such a good weekly publication as the JOURNAL, they are pursuing a very wrong plan. No disinterested person can fail to discover that it is a source of much more benefit to the deaf-mutes in general than of personal compensation to its proprietor and editors. We, therefore, respectfully ask that, instead of trying to get their paper by second-hand subscription and the system of exchanges, they, like true men, who are willing to live and let live, send \$1.50 to the proprietor and subscribe for the JOURNAL for one year, or 75 cts. for six months. No reasonable deaf-mute can find fault with the price and character of the paper. Gentlemen of the deaf-mutes, look well to your general interests, subscribe and help support the JOURNAL, which is doing all it can for the benefit and welfare of the deaf and dumb.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

SICKNESS proved a blessing in disguise in the case recorded below. The letter which gives the particulars is from the Oregon *Independence*, and is authenticated by the Portland *Oregonian*: "A Mr. ELKINS had two of his sons attending the deaf and dumb school at Salem, where they were both stricken down with the fever so prevalent in that school. He took them both home and attended to them with great care, but while one of them got well quick, the other remained quite low, caused, as the doctor said, by the eruption in the ear which was continually running. But what was the joy of the father, when he perceived that his son showed signs of being able to hear! It annoys him as yet to be spoken to, or to hear any harsh noise, but he can hear even the snapping of the fire. The boy is now getting slowly better, and the father has great hope that he will be able to hear hereafter.

A report has been circulated that R. D. LIVINGSTON, of Boston, has left the Boston Custom House, but we learn from reliable authority that he resigned his former position simply for the purpose of taking another in the same Custom House.

CHAUNCEY ENGLE, of Oswego Center, who last week paid us a visit, told us that he met with an accident a few days ago. He had been to take two ladies to Wheeler's Station on the Southern Central railroad. While on his way home he met a team on the brow of a high hill, and just at that moment a man in the other wagon raised an umbrella, at the sight of which Mr. Engle's horse became terribly frightened; and, giving a lurch, broke one of the shafts. Mr. Engle, although wrapped in the buffalo robe, jumped from the vehicle, retaining his hold upon the reins while the horse was plunging and frantic with terror. Fortunately he succeeded in bringing the animal to a halt. Being on a narrow road, on both sides of which was an embankment, he considered himself lucky in escaping without injury to himself or horse.

WILLIAM B. BARTON, son of JOHN L. BARTON, of Quaker Street, N. Y., died April 3d, at the age of two years, seven months and three days. His funeral was held at the Church of the Friends on the 5th inst. He has doubtless gone to his heavenly home.

A letter from a friend in Ottawa, Ont., in renewing his subscription, says: "There are five deaf-mutes in this city. We like the JOURNAL better than any other deaf-mute paper."

IRA W. LEWIS, of Oxford, N. Y., brother of Miss PRUDENCE LEWIS, of the New York Institution, sold his beautiful farm lately for \$6,000.

MR. A. W. MANN recently paid a day's visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. HOLMES, of Clarendon Hills, Ill., while on his circuit of missionary work.

WE were pleased the other day to receive a visit from Mr. and Mrs. MILTON A. JONES, who live on a farm about one mile from Sand Hill station on the Oswego & Rome railroad. Like many others they are battling against hard times and no doubt will gain the victory. Mr. Jones is a brother of LAURENCE N. JONES of the same place.

A juryman remarked, "May it please your honor—I am deaf in one ear." "Then leave the box," said the judge, "a juror must hear both sides." A

The Binghamton *Republican* has the following: "On Monday a tramp went to the house of Mr. Crevier, on Sanford street, and presented to Mrs. Crevier a paper stating that he was deaf and dumb. She thoughtlessly asked, "How long have you been so?" and the unfortunate man, in an equally thoughtless manner replied, "About six months." In a moment he realized his blunder, and seizing the paper, rapidly departed, and will doubtless be more careful in the future."

A Dastardly Outrage.

From the *Wellington (Ia.) Enterprise*, Jan. 29, 1876.

On Saturday morning last, about 3 o'clock, some rascals broke into the shop of the Sautters Bros., and carried away nearly everything on the premises. They took a lot of valuable French calfskins, several pairs of fine boots which had just been finished, two watches, all the clothing they could find, in fact, everything of a portable nature.

The burglars effected an entrance in a curious manner. Getting under the house they bored through the floor into the sleeping room of the Sautters and directly under the bed. John and Jacob Sautter were both sleeping in the room at the time but being deaf-mutes heard nothing to alarm them. When they awoke in the morning the unfortunate victims found that there was scarcely enough wearing apparel left to enable them to dress. Their trunks had been completely emptied of their contents. It happened, however, that a pocket-book containing their money, was under their pillow and was not disturbed. The actual value of the goods stolen was about \$275.

There are but few professional thieves sunk so low in the social scale who would take such advantage of men's misfortunes as did the perpetrators of this outrage. We have some little respect for a thief who can successfully carry on his depredations in the face of danger, but in this case there was no danger, for the victims could not hear, while the plunder secured constituted almost all the worldly possessions of poor men, who will have to devote months of hard labor to retrieve their loss.

The circumstances of the case were so lamentable that our citizens were greatly

exercised over it, and it would not have improved the health of the thieves had they been caught about the time the robbery was discovered. As it is escaped, although suspicion is strong, and possibly they may yet be arrested.

We advise our citizens, hereafter, to keep good watch over their premises, and to put a heavy dose of cold lead into all persons found around at night. Make every tramp give an account of himself or leave the country instanter.

[The above-mentioned deaf-mutes are graduates of the Illinois Institution for Deaf-mutes, and are intelligent, industrious citizens. Their loss by the burglary so excited the sympathies of some of the villagers and neighboring farmers that they at once made up a purse of \$150, and presented it to them to aid them in continuing their business, and to render the trip a safe, comfortable and entertaining one for all who shall avail themselves of it.

It is estimated by competent authority that there will be five million visitors to the Centennial. As may be supposed, the transportation of such immense throngs of visitors safely and comfortably to and from the Centennial city is a problem not easily solved. But the Managers of The Midland Centennial Line have been making strenuous efforts to meet the coming demand, and have hit upon a plan which, so far as the residents of Eastern, Central and Northern New York are concerned, will provide every facility for direct, rapid, cheap and commodious travel between their homes and Philadelphia, and a home while there. The plan is one that cannot but commend itself to everyone contemplating the trip.

The Midland Centennial Line is composed of a number of first-class twelve-wheeled coaches, with all the modern improvements, which will be run during the entire period of the Exhibition between points in Northern, Central and Eastern New York and New Jersey and the Centennial Grounds at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The chain of railroads composed of the New York and Oswego Midland, the New Jersey Midland, and the Pennsylvania railroads form the only unbroken route between the points named, and coaches will be run through without change, affording the visitor an opportunity of stepping on board at Oswego, or any intermediate point and alighting at the gates of the

Exhibition Grounds.

A day's visit in New York may also be included in the trip for those who desire it. The coaches of the Midland Centennial Line will deliver passengers in Jersey City, whence they can cross by ferry-boat every ten minutes, to either Cortland Street in the business center of the city, or to Desbrosses Street, convenient to the up-town hotels, theaters and dry goods stores, their coach meanwhile remaining in the Jersey City depot, and their journey to be resumed at noon.

Constant appeals for help are made to Mr. Swett, a deaf-mute of this town, who has been for many years devoting all his energies to the welfare of his fellows in misfortune, and who recently had the misfortune to lose the sight of one eye by long sickness, is earnestly at work, raising funds with which to purchase a farm and commence the establishment of an Industrial Home for deaf-mutes. He was appointed general agent, by a board of ten trustees, men of high respectability. The work is a truly worthy and meritorious one, and has received the warmest approval of many of our best citizens. He does not wish his unfortunate class to be dependent upon charity for a living. There are many poor deaf-mutes, with families to support, who would be glad to have the advantage for earning their support, provided by the proposed Industrial Home. There they will be paid whatever they can earn. Mr. Swett has had a large experience in traveling, investigating and observing the conditions of the mutes he has met with in the New England States.

Constant appeals for help are made to Mr. Swett, and he has responded with time and money, as far forth as he was able. We hope that those charitably disposed, in this town, and elsewhere, will contribute what they can to aid him in his good work.—*Marblehead (Mass.) Messenger*, April 1, 1876.

Instruction of Deaf-Mutes.

Deaf-mutes excel in pantomime. A large amount of gesture and pantomime is naturally employed in their conversation, and it thus becomes easy to train them to perform pantomimic plays. I have seen one young man, a deaf-mute, whose narration in this manner of a hunter, who made a pair of buckskin breeches hung them up during the summer, drew them on when the rainy season came on, and found a hornet's nest within, was interpreted amid roars of laughter. Thus told, it was far more vivid than words could have possibly made it, and infinitely more amusing.

The sign-language, growing slowly

from natural signs—i. e., signs representing the shape, quality or use of objects, or the action expressed by verbs—has at length become a perfected system. This language is the same throughout Europe and America, so that deaf-mutes in any country of Christendom who have acquired the regular system can readily communicate with each other, however diverse their nationality. Being formed from analogy, many of the signs are exceedingly expressive. Thus the sign for "headache" is made by darting the two forefingers toward each other just in front of the forehead. The sign for "Summer" is drawing the curved forefinger across the brow, as if wiping off the sweat. "Heat," or rather "hotness," is expressed by blowing with open mouth into the hand, and then shaking it suddenly as if burned. "Flame" and "fire" are represented by a quivering, upward motion of all the fingers. The memory of the ancient, ruffled shirt of our forefathers is perpetuated in the sign of "gentle," "gentility" or "fine." It is the whole open hand, with fingers pointing upward, the porter will have all necessary apparatus for making tea and coffee, and the car at night will be amply lighted for reading and writing purposes. They will be provided with apartments for twenty-five persons, and day accommodations for forty persons. A competent porter will be constantly in attendance. Parties may provide themselves as far as they desire with refreshments before leaving home, and as each car will contain a refrigerator this arrangement will be entirely economical and practical.

The coaches will be especially adapted to the use of tourists, and will be fitted up to be occupied as a home both night and day during the entire trip. They will be handsomely carpeted, furnished with easy chairs and adjustable tables for lunch, card playing, writing etc., and provided with sleeping accommodations for twenty-five persons, and day accommodations for forty persons. A competent porter will be constantly in attendance. Parties may provide themselves as far as they desire with refreshments before leaving home, and as each car will contain a refrigerator this arrangement will be entirely economical and practical.

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A Dream.

[Written by Miss E. M. Bolt, a pupil of the Deaf-mute Institution, Michigan.]
I had a nice dream last night, mother,
And now I must tell it to you;
"Twas a calm and pleasant dream, mother,
And I wish it had only been true.

I dreamed I was once more a child, mother,
In the old homestead so dear;
And playing in childhood glee, mother,
With brothers and sisters near.

Our father sat by the door, mother,
And watched us in our play;
And we played in quiet peace, mother,
Till darkness closed the day.

But I woke to find it a dream, mother,
Oh, if it had only been true;
But they are gone, all gone, mother,
And I have none left but you.

But we to each other will cling, mother,
Till the message of death shall come;
And then we will part on earth, mother,
To meet in our heavenly home.

Work Wanted for Deaf-Mutes.

There are several able-bodied deaf-mute men in the city of New York, who would like to have employment upon farms. The undersigned asks his friends in the rural districts to keep this fact in mind, and to write him upon the subject as soon as they know of any chances for deaf-mute laborers.

THOMAS GALLAUDET,
No. 9 West 18th St., New York.

Cleveland, Ohio, Notes.

CONFIRMATION BY BISHOP BEDELL.

On Palm Sunday, in the evening, the Rt. Rev. G. T. Bedell, Bishop of Ohio, administered the apostolic rite of confirmation to nineteen candidates, ten of whom were deaf-mutes. The services were held at Grace Church, the Rev. A. H. Washburn, Rector. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. The Bishop's address, which had been written, was read to the mutes in the sign-language by the undersigned. After the sermon a collection was taken for the "Church Mission to Deaf-mutes" and \$19.70 was realized. This was, however, made some what larger by a pledge made by the Bishop himself for \$20 for one year. The whole sum was further increased by the offerings of the deaf-mutes at the afternoon service on the same day which was \$1.70.

I send you a copy of the address for insertion in the columns of the JOURNAL. [This address will appear in our next issue.—Ed.]

A. W. M.

Troy Notes.

On the evening of the 18th ult., the members of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club and some of their friends took the cars for Albany. After leaving the cars and walking up the long hill, just as it was about 7½ p. m., the company rushed into the house surprising Miss Mary Toolo to such an extent that it was some time before she could comprehend the situation. On the tables were soon deposited oysters, fruit and cake by those who had brought them. Miss Toolo then invited the party into the cozy parlor of the house and told them to amuse themselves according to their own pleasure. She soon had supper prepared and the guests were invited to sit around it and regale themselves. Her table was heavily loaded and tastefully arranged, and we all did justice to it and credit to ourselves. The time was spent very pleasantly until late in the evening, when the party departed for home with many kind remembrances of Miss Toolo's hospitality.

At the Club rooms in the evening of the 25th ult., John T. Southwick, by appointment of the Committee on Lectures, Debates and Library, delivered a lecture. Economy was his subject. His discourse was well delivered and instructive. The following extract of the lecture show that he handled his subject well:

"Take care of the pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter how much you earn; if you spend more than you receive you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it after it is made. Little expenses, like little mice if there are a great many of them in a barn, make great waste.

Hair by hair heads become bald; straw by straw thatch goes from the cottage, and drop by drop the rain finds its way into the chambers. If you give all to your back and stomach there is nothing left for the savings bank. Work well and be economical while you are young and you may rest and have comforts when you are old." The address was very favorably received.

At the Club rooms a few days since the following question was debated: "Should the Holy Bible be excluded from public schools?" Decided in favor of the negative. Michael McLaughlin, of Greenbush, spoke in favor of the affirmative and James M. Witbeck for the negative.

Misses Ives and Demers, formerly pupils of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and Miss Hunter have been sent to the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rome to finish their course of instruction. This shows that the Board of Supervisors of this county like the management of the latter school, and it is said they have resolved on sending more pupils there when they receive their applications.

Mrs. Chas. H. Cooper, of Watertown, was in Albany last Thursday, spending a few days with her friends, one of whom is Miss Toolo. She will also go to the home of her parents to spend a fortnight. Her friends may be pleased to know that she was looking hearty and well.

W. T. C.

Troy, April 3, 1876.

A deaf and dumb boy, son of Bill Kyle, of Blount Co., Ala., killed his mother, brother and sister, one day last week.

Letter from Wm. B. Swett.

DEAR JOURNAL.—It may be of interest to many of your readers to be told that the "Adventures of a Deaf-mute" or the "Old Man of the Mountains" has met with such an extensive sale. Since the publication of the story in a pamphlet of 48 pages, there have been sold in round numbers 27,000 copies. Of the manual alphabets containing the likenesses of GALLAUDET and CLERC in wood-cuts, I have sold 6,000 copies. They are sold in the New England States and a part of Canada. Besides these books, I have sold 42,000 copies of deaf-mute calendars during the past two winters, not to mention alphabet cards, black memoranda, &c., giving employment to from three to eight deaf-mutes, who by various causes—mostly on account of the dullness of business—were thrown out of employment during the last three years. From these sales a large amount of money has been received, one-half of which the agents receive, and the other half is paid to me. I have not yet realized a fortune out of this business. The truth of the matter is that I have to pay a large part of the money to the printers. Besides, I have done much to aid deaf-mutes, suffering for the want of the necessities of life, assisted them in finding employment and in various other ways. I supported the Boston Deaf-mute Mission for two years, paying for religious services, &c. The constant appeal for help from me has been so great that I felt it to be a great necessity to have some plan carried out for the relief and support of the most needy, during this dull time for business. While afflicted with a very painful, diseased eye, I kept my brain busy in devising the best method for carrying out such a plan. When I heard of the \$500 bequest of Miss Morrison, I was struck with a happy idea—that the establishment of an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. Having seen so much of suffering among the poorest deaf-mutes my sympathy was strongly enlisted in their behalf, and to turn the \$500 to the best account and in a manner that would accomplish the most good. The idea of an Industrial Home I first communicated to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and was not a little surprised and pleased to find that he readily coincided with the proposition to start a Home and promised to help me in carrying out the project. It is perhaps enough on this point to say that thus far the plan has been adopted to my entire satisfaction. Often have I prayed that God will bless the undertaking. I have kept and still have in my employment honest and faithful agents, and but for them during my sickness I should have fared much worse. I feel that I owe them a debt of love and gratitude for their faithfulness in doing business for me during my affliction of nearly one year. And now they will also be of service to me while I am agent for the collection of funds for the Home, as they are known throughout New England, and will be very useful as my sub-agents in collecting money for the same. I feel very much encouraged with the prospects of the Industrial Home. One of these appointed of mine, Samuel Hamilton, of Rockland, Me., has collected and just paid over to me \$43 in cash from among his friends in the town where he resides. I have deposited the money with the Trustees of the Home. This agent is a very pleasant-faced man, very agreeable in his manners, and it is no wonder that he sells books like hot cakes. He is making money very fast out of the sale of my books, and already owns a house, and has a happy family.

Robert Crawford, another agent, is of great value to me. He is a native of Scotland. Three years ago, during the panic, he lost his employment in New York, and Dr. Gallaudet sent him to me, with the request that I should help him find work, as he was unable to find it for himself. Not succeeding in procuring work for him, I set him at work selling books on trial, and to my surprise and great delight he was a remarkably good salesman in the book business. He has sold all, or nearly all, the profits which he has made in that direction (more than \$400) to his poor parents in Scotland.

Robert Docharty also came from Scotland, where he was educated. Thinking he could do better in this country, he crossed the sea to America, and soon after witnessed the explosion of his "air castles," and was powerless to help himself. I gave him an agency for the sale of books, and he is now doing first-rate at it. He is entirely deaf and dumb, and is a good person. From what I make out of the book business alone I manage to live and keep my family comfortably well. On account of the loss of the vision of my right eye and the dimness of the other, I thought I could do no better than to spend the remainder of my life in doing good for the deaf-mutes; and if God shall give me health and strength, shall labor earnestly for the success of the Industrial Home. I hope the deaf and dumb of New England will appreciate the cause, and liberally respond with what help they can afford, and it will not be long before the Home will become one in tangible form.

Wm. B. SWETT.

Marblehead, Mass., March 28, 1876.

Elmira Notes.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Deaf-mute Southern Tier Literary Club took place on the 1st of April, at the parlor of the Y. M. C. A. There was a good attendance, members being present from many localities in the vicinity of this city, and from a distance. From various causes, the hard times being the main one, the club had not increased as rapidly as it should, and its membership that day was not more than twenty-five.

The membership will, we hope, be increased to at least one hundred during the present year. The constitution and by-laws were passed by a two-thirds vote of the members present. The report of the president is full of suggestive thought

and expression concerning the constitution and by-laws. There was not much business transacted. Another meeting will be held on the 4th day of July next. The deaf-mutes who live in the southern part of New York State should come and join the club.

HANNIBAL HAMLET.

April 4th, 1876.

The Goodell Matter.

We print below an affidavit from R. Goodell and the accompanying letter from his wife, both of which were received some time ago, and which have remained in their pigeon-hole longer than was necessary.

W. B. SWETT.

From the *Opinion*.—We have received the following, signed by six deaf-mutes:

MR. EDITOR.—In the *Opinion* of last week's issue we noticed a modest call on the benevolent to give *alms* helping to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. At least it is a begging concern. The public would do well to withhold such alms, as we in common with other deaf-mutes of Maine feel annoyed at such begging and disagreeable practice. Maine has people to be taken care of within her limits, and therefore it is earnestly hoped that such funds as are collected should not be allowed to go out of the State. All newspapers in Maine are respectfully requested to copy this in order to put the benevolent on their guard."

From the *Rockland Gazette*.—New England Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes.

MR. EDITOR.—I noticed a paragraph in the *Opinion* of the 17th inst. concerning the movement to establish an Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes. The imputations against the character of the enterprise I am endeavoring to assist, are false and unjust. The work is truly a worthy and meritorious one, and has received the warmest approval of the wisest and best of men. We do not wish our unfortunate class to be dependent upon charity for their living. There are many poor deaf-mutes, with families to support, who would be glad to have the advantage of earning their support provided by the Industrial Home. There they will be paid whatever they can earn. I have had large experience in traveling through the New England States, and met many of our unfortunate class asking me what they can do for a living. I can assure the charitable that the donations to this Institution will go for a good purpose. I know those persons in Belfast who wrote to the *Opinion*, and could give their names if necessary, but withhold them for proper reasons. Newspapers will confer a favor and aid a good object by publishing this. Any information required concerning the Gallaudet Association and Industrial Home for Deaf-mutes, will be cheerfully furnished by Wm. B. Swett, Marblehead, Mass., or by the subscriber.

"SAMUEL HAMILTON,
25 Chestnut St., Rockland, Me."

The National Deaf-Mute College.

Years ago there was no instruction provided for the deaf and dumb in this country. In their own homes they were the unfortunate members, separated from all around them by an impassable barrier.

Their knowledge was extremely limited, simply the avoidance of what is harmful and dangerous in certain directions, while each deaf-mute's face was earnest with the expression of a soul longing to burst its prison bars. The first benefactor to the deaf and dumb was

Thomas H. Gallaudet, D. D., of Hartford, Conn., whose name will always be

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Minor Topics.

Thirty-four Governments will be represented at Philadelphia.

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho.

England has spent \$1,000,000,000 on her navy within the last eighteen years.

The Grangers of the United States have over \$18,000,000 invested in their various enterprises.

The King of Holland has given \$400 toward the erection of a Dutch church in New York city.

The Scotch herring fisheries earn \$7,500,000 yearly, and the English fisheries do not fall much below that figure.

A new museum has been opened in Rome, in which will be exhibited the antiquities discovered there during the last five years.

One hundred thousand dollars in silver was received at the Treasury on Friday, from San Francisco, and was deposited in the Treasury vaults.

The San Francisco Call says that Mr. Montgomery Blair has bought for \$100,000 the New India quicksilver mine.

A London dealer in old china has confessed that he sold to Baron Rothschild, for £250, a bogus piece which only cost 40 shillings.

The glass dome of the Centennial art gallery will be lighted by 2,000 gas jets. The dome is 266 feet above the level of the Schuylkill, and will be visible at night all over Philadelphia.

A "ranchero" near Santa Fé owns 80,000 head of cattle, which he pastures on 16,000 adjoining sections of land. One hundred "vaqueros" and one hundred boys take care of them.

H. B. Clafin & Co.'s sales of dry goods in 1875 amounted to \$35,000,000—an amount somewhat surprising these hard times. But, as compared with their sales in 1872, amounting to \$56,000,000, the contraction of business is important.

A New York Times correspondent charges that recent telegraphic statements relative to the yield of the Black Hills' mines are fraudulent, and issued to draw emigration thither for the benefit of traders and speculators.

A plan of Yorktown (Va.) and adjacent country, showing the operations of the American, English, and French armies during the siege, drawn with a crow pen, and presented to Lafayette, has just been deposited in the Virginia State Library.

The \$10,000,000 in silver bullion which Flood & O'Brien intend to exhibit at the Centennial would make a solid block ten feet long, ten feet thick, and eight and one tenth feet high, containing 810 cubic feet, and would weigh nearly 2942 tons.

A citizen of Michigan informs the United States Treasurer that he has "experienced religion," and gives convincing evidence of the fact by enclosing a draft for \$300, in restitution for a wrong he had done to the Government some time ago.

The Alta Californian is alarmed by the fact that for the next six months all the available room on the steamers and sailing vessels to arrive within that time has been secured for the importation of low-caste Chinese. Coming to the Centennial, of course.

Under its new laws Texas now exempts from taxation tools and instruments used in any trade or profession to the value of \$50; all safes and furniture to a like amount; one year's supplies from the product of the soil; all institutions of learning, with their property, and all hospitals and churches.

Mr. Forster has introduced a bill in the Legislature which provides that all town overseers of the poor shall hereafter be appointed by the supervisors of their several towns, and shall hold their office for three years. The compensation of said overseers shall be fixed by the board of town auditors of their respective towns. They can be removed from office for neglect of duty on complaint of five tax-payers.

The Rose Gardens of France.

the act of turning the suds from her washtubs. Said the deacon: "Is this the widow Hooper?" "Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of an old dried-up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you."

"Please propose, sir."

"Well, Madame," said the deacon, "have you any objection to going to Heaven by the way of Hopkinton?"

"None at all, deacon," was the reply.

"Come in, deacon."

Suffice it to say they were married the next day.

The London Times has an editorial article on the subject of the adventures of the survivors of the emigrant ship Strathmore, which concludes as follows: The vessel which at length arrived to rescue them was a United States whaler on her course to the South Sea fisheries. Her Captain, we are told, gave up the chances of the season's profits for the sake of the poor creatures he found at Crosets, and who needed an amount of care they could not have received if he had not taken them with him. We are sure the English nation will judge as it deserves the sacrifice to which Captain Gifford submitted, and will not fail to do honor, and something more than bare honor, to the dead and to the man.

Chinese Habitations.

Eastern architects may get some hints of things to follow or avoid from a description which the Virginia city Chronicle gives of the structure erected by the Chinaman in that city: "Between fights the Chinaman is an industrious animal. Just now he is turning his energies to building, and like his fighting, some of it is contrary to law and also shocking to a correct architectural taste. On the Northwest corner of I and Union streets John has created a marvellous affair. It is built out far enough to occupy a third of the roadway. The front elevation (height five feet) is composed of odds and ends of stone picked up in the neighborhood. The one window is formed of three oil cans—two upright and the other laid across the top. The roof of this edifice—which has a frontage of about twenty-five feet and a depth of thirty or more—would make a handsome playground for a school, as it is perfectly flat and composed of earth. The interior, which the reporter doubled himself up to enter, is divided into numerous little dens and one spacious saloon, with earthen floor and one oil-can window. The place is shortly to be opened as a restaurant, provided the police don't interfere, which they should do. The idea of utilizing oil-cans for building material has been eagerly seized by other Celestials, and the consequence is numerous fireproof shanties. The cans, filled with earth and piled one upon another, make a solid wall, and no bullet can penetrate them—not a slight consideration these times. Underground residences are also popular. A big square hole is dug into the hillside, covered with sticks, straw and an occasional plank. The door is naturally furnished by the Eastern slope. Although such trifles as light and air are left out of consideration, the bomb-proof character of the underground structure has a charm for the Chinaman. The only drawback to such a house is the probability that on some rainy night an enemy may take it into his shaven head to dig a trench and direct the water of the street down the chimney."

Oat Straw.

On the first of last April one of our shrewdest subversives came into town with an open wagon loaded with oat straw, which he was anxious to sell to those about putting down their spring carpets. He accordingly drove through the more quiet streets, crying "Oat Straw!" at the top of his voice. When the wagon was half emptied, some fellow put the stump of a lighted cigar under the straw and left it to take care of itself. He rode along, crying "Oat Straw!" until, by and by, a small boy said:

"Mister, your cart is afire!"

He had it full in mind that it was the first of April, and took no notice of it, but kept on.

"Say," said a gentleman as he passed, "your straw is smoking."

"So's your aunt," he replied, looking very cunning.

"Mister!" screamed a red-headed woman from an upper chamber window, "your straw's burning."

"So's your thatch, mum; put yer head in a bucket of water, mum, and stinguish it. Oat straw!"

Thus he went on, touching his nose at some alarmists, and replying to others, till he met a policeman.

"See here," said that functionary, "are you a cussed incendiary, going to burn the town? Your wagon is all on fire."

He did not dare reply saucily, but with a grin assured the man of buttons that he knew chalk from cheese on the first of April, when his horse was suddenly seized by the head and turned around, the wind bringing the smoke full into the driver's face.

"Fire!" he yelled. "Oat straw! Fire and I thought all the time that it was a stupid first of April hoax. Seventy-five cents out and no insurance! Who in thunder ever heard of a spontaneous combustion in April!"

The Deacon's Proposal.

In the town of Hopkinton, Mass., lived a certain Deacon Small. In his advanced age he had the misfortune to lose the rib of his youth. After doing penance by wearing a weed on his hat a full year, he was recommended to a certain Widow Hooper, living in an adjoining town. The deacon was soon astir of his old brown mare, and on arriving at the widow's door he discovered her in

the act of turning the suds from her washtubs. Said the deacon:

"Is this the widow Hooper?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Well," continued the deacon, "I am that little bit of an old dried-up Deacon Small, and have only one question to propose to you."

"Please propose, sir."

"Well, Madame," said the deacon, "have you any objection to going to Heaven by the way of Hopkinton?"

"None at all, deacon," was the reply.

"Come in, deacon."

Suffice it to say they were married the next day.

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